

Now I've Got You, Everything Will Be Okay by johnsmurphy

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Summary:

Mike begins to worry about Eleven again, but she reassures him everything will be okay

Now I've Got You, Everything Will Be Okay

Mike could not sleep.

It was three o'clock in the morning and he had not slept a wink. His eyes felt sore from sleep deprivation and his body ached with fatigue. But his mind was awake and alive as ever, thoughts and worries racing around like a fox chasing its prey.

He was worried about Eleven.

It had only been a few weeks since her return from the Upside Down. She had saved her friends, saved Will and saved the goddamn world from the Demogorgon, using her powers to destroy the terrible beast. Mike will never forget the last words she spoke to him before being dragged into the Upside Down with the monster.

"Goodbye, Mike." She had said.

Tears instantly appeared at the corners of his eyes before slowly sliding down his face. Furiously, he wiped them away.

He wouldn't cry again, not this time, not tonight.

He wouldn't forget the moment Eleven had turned up on his doorstep, her baby pink dress ripped and torn, her body covered in dirt and red scratches. Her eyes had looked scared and sorrowful.

Before he knew it, he had scooped her up in his arms, careful not to hold her too tight in case she was badly hurt.

She had smelt of sweat, acid and grass but he hadn't cared.

Her limp, frail arms had wrapped around his shoulders and she had wrung her hands in the back of his t-shirt, her head resting in the crook of his neck, salty tears pouring down her face, soaking his top. But Mike hadn't cared.

Carefully, he had carried her inside, making themselves scarce in case his mother asked questions. He had wanted to get Eleven clean, fed and well rested before telling any of his family she had returned.

Now, three weeks later, he was perched on the edge of the worn sofa in the basement, the soft occasional snores coming from Eleven's blanket fort comforting him a little. He contemplated going over and laying down next to Eleven, but he didn't want to wake her.

But what if this would be the last time he ever heard those snores?

The last time she would ever sleep in her blanket fort?

The last time he ever saw her?

Mike pulled his hair violently, fed up of being kept awake each night as a result of his anxiety, as if doing this would get rid of all the questions and thoughts zooming around in his mind.

Standing up slowly, his vision blurring, Mike turned towards the basement steps and slowly ascended them before opening the creaky door and closing it silently.

Feeling his way through the darkness, Mike headed towards the kitchen for a glass of water. Perhaps the cool liquid would calm him.

On his way, he passed the living room, the lamp his mother always left on illuminating the room with an orange glow.

He could see his fathers recliner in the far corner and he remembered the time when Eleven had first used it, pushing the button to make the chair fall backwards before letting it spring back up.

Her smile had been so bright, so genuine it had caused butterflies in Mikes stomach.

Mike smiled sadly before carrying on towards the kitchen.

What if Eleven would never have a chance to sit in the recliner again?

Quickly, Mike grabbed a glass from the cupboard and filled it with water before downing the whole thing.

He walked over to the kitchen table and sat down, pushing the glass around with his hands.

Eleven opened her eyes and blinked a few times before propping herself up on her arms and looking around.

Instantly, she looked for Mike.

Ever since she had returned from the upside down, she had wanted Mike to sleep in the basement with her, on the sofa. Or occasionally he would sleep next to her, where she would rest her head on his shoulder.

Eleven couldn't see Mike anywhere and she started to panic. Maybe he had gone for a drink? Or to get a night snack?

Slowly, Eleven stepped out of her beloved blanket fort and stretched her arms and legs.

She was sure she had put on some weight, and she was even more sure that was due to the amount of Eggos she had been eating.

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Eleven could faintly make out the outline of Mike, sitting at the kitchen table, his head in his hands. From the top of the basement stairs, she had heard soft sobs coming from the kitchen.

"Mike?"

Mike raised his head, his hair messy and falling over his red rimmed eyes.

Immediately he wiped his cheeks, not wanting Eleven to see him like this.

"Oh... hi, El. Are you okay? I thought you were asleep." He replied groggily, his throat sore from sobbing.

"I was, but I woke up and you weren't there. I was worried." She said, stepping closer to him and sitting down on a chair.

"Are you okay?" She asked.

"I'm. I'm okay Eleven. It's fine. Don't worry about it just go back to bed."

Eleven frowned.

She placed her hand on top of Mike's and he lifted his head to look at her. The moonlight reflected off her cheeks, defining her delicate facial features.

He so badly wanted to reach out and touch her face, but instantly decided against it because he didn't want to make Eleven uncomfortable.

"Mike? What's happened?"

"I'm worried El. I'm worried I'll lose you again. The monster has gone but the bad guys are still there, they could come at any second. In fact, I could wake up one morning and you would be gone. And I would have lost my favourite girl.

And we wouldn't be able to sit in your blanket fort and eat Eggo's until we felt we were going to be sick. And we wouldn't be able to visit Will and Lucas and Dustin because those stupid bad men would have taken you. I don't know what I would do without you El, I really don't."

Mike said quickly, pretty sure Eleven hadn't understood a word he had said.

But she had.

Before either of them knew what was happening, Eleven reached forward and enveloped Mike in a tight, warming hug. She wrapped her arms around his neck, wringing her hands in the back of his tshirt like she had when they had hugged on Mikes doorstep.

She could feel his heartbeat slow down as he snuggled into her, wrapping his hands around her back.

They stayed like this for a while, before Eleven pulled away and placed her hands on his shoulders.

She examined Mikes face, his soft, tear stained cheeks, red rimmed eyes and brown, messy hair.

Her cheeks flushed and she wiped the remaining tears away from his cheeks with her thumb.

"What do we do, El? Will everything okay?" He whispered.

"Now I've got you, everything will be okay."

Mike smiled.

This must be what it's like to properly love someone. He thought.